



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. I had a fullness after eating, and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. Sometimes a deathly sickness would overtake me. I was working for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. I used August Flower for two weeks. I was relieved of all trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I have gained twenty pounds since my recovery. J. D. Cox, Allegheny, Pa.



THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c and \$1 a package. If you cannot get it, send your address for a free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. Address: CHAS. H. WOODWARD, LEBON, N.Y.

2000529 THE GREAT

SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lane Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

Dr. Kilmer's

SWAMP-ROOT

Saves Another Life!

INDIGESTION AND HEART TROUBLE CURED:

Suffered for Eight Long Years!

MRS. MILLER SAYS: "I had been troubled for eight years with stomach and heart difficulties. I lived mostly on milk, as everything hurt me. My kidneys and liver were in a terrible state. Could neither sleep nor eat. I had been treated by the best Chicago doctors and elsewhere without any benefit whatever. At last, I tried your Swamp-Root, and have only used three bottles. Can now eat anything, no matter what. Nothing hurts me, and can go to bed and get a good night's sleep. Swamp-Root cured me. Anyone doubting this statement can write, and I will gladly answer."

Swamp-Root is the only medicine of its kind. It is a "Gentle Guide to Health" and thousands of testimonials.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., New York, N.Y. At Druggists, 50c and \$1.00 Bots.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

THE SCUPPERNON.

Die time I loves to sing a song About de lubby scuppernon, De pride of all de South, It is de herb of de year When autumn time an' dey gits here An' squeals in 'er' mouf.

So sweet dey is, so nice an' round, A haugit dars, er soft an' brown, De pickaninny eyes, I love to lay along de vine An' nill myself plum up wid wine, Demas de golden axles.

Dees washed-out grapes dat come by train I nebber wants to see again, Dits ain't what dey belongs, De black uns, too, I pass dem by, De happy if I jes' kin lie An' gobble scuppernons.

—New York Sun.

THE MISADVENTURES OF JOHN NICHOLSON.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CHAPTER I.

In Which John Sows the Wind.

John Varey Nicholson was stupid, yet much duller men have risen to high places in the government; if he had been of keener wit, moreover, this story would never have been written. His father, a stern and religious gentleman, ruled him with a firm hand and governed his house with majestic dignity.

Here was a family where prayers came at the same hour, where the Sabbath literature was unimpeachably selected, where the guest who should have leaned to any false opinion was instantly set down, and over which there reigned all week, and grew denser on Sundays, a silence that was agreeable to his ear, and a gloom that he found comfortable.

Mrs. Nicholson had died about thirty, and left him with three children; a daughter two years, and a son about eight years younger than John; and John himself, the unlucky bearer of a name infamous in English history. The daughter, Maria, was a good girl—dutiful, pious, dull, but so easily startled that to speak to her was quite a perilous enterprise. "I don't think I care to talk about that, if you please," she would say, and strike the boldest speechless by her unmistakable pain, this upon all topics—dress, pleasure, morality, politics, in which the formula was changed to "my papa thinks otherwise," and even religion, unless it was approached with a particular whining tone of voice.

Alexander, the younger brother, was sickly, clever, fond of books and drawing, and full of satirical remarks. In the midst of these, imagine that natural, clumsy, unintelligent and misanthropic animal, John; mightily well-behaved in comparison with other lads, although not up to the mark of the house in Randolph Crescent; full of a sort of blundering affection, full of caresses which were never warmly received; full of sudden and loud laughter which rang out in that still house like curses. Mr. Nicholson himself had a great fund of humor, of the Scots order—intellectual, turning on the observation of men; his own character, for instance—if he could have seen it in another—would have been a rare feast for him; but his son's empty guffaws over a broken plate, and empty, almost light-hearted remarks, struck him with pain as the indices of a weak mind.

Outside the family John had early attached himself (much as a dog may follow a marquis) to the steps of Alan Houston, a lad about a year older than himself, idle, a trifle wild, the heir to a good estate which was still in the hands of a rigorous trustee, and so royally content with himself that he took John's devotion as a matter of course. The intimacy was gall to Mr. Nicholson; it took his son from the house, and he was a jealous parent; it kept him from the office, and he was a martinet, lastly, Mr. Nicholson was ambitious for his family, (in which, and the disruption principles, he entirely lived) and he hated to see a son of his play second fiddle to an idler. After some hesitation, he ordered that the friendship should cease—an unfair command, though seemingly inspired by the spirit of prophecy; and John, saying nothing, continued to disobey the order under the rose.

John was nearly nineteen when he was one day dismissed rather earlier than usual from his father's office, where he was studying the practice of the law. It was Saturday; and except that he had a matter of £400 in his pocket which it was his duty to hand over to the British Linen Company's bank, he had the whole afternoon at his disposal. He went to Prince's street enjoying the mild sunshine, and the little thrill of easterly wind that tossed the flags along that terrace of palaces, and tumbled the green trees in the garden. The band was playing down in the valley under the castle; and when it came to the turn of the pipers, he heard their wild sounds with a stirring of the blood. Something distantly martial woke in him; and he thought of Miss Mackenzie, whom he was to meet that day at dinner.

Now, it is undeniable that he should have gone directly to the bank, but right in the way stood the billiard room of the hotel where Alan was almost certain to be found; and the temptation proved too strong. He entered the billiard room, and was instantly greeted by his friend, cue in hand.

"Nicholson," said he, "I want you to lend me a pound or two till Monday."

"You've come to the right shop, haven't you?" returned John. "I have two pence."

"Nonsense," said Alan. "You can get some. Go and borrow at your tailor's; they all do it. Or I'll tell you what; pop your watch."

"Oh, yes, I dare say," said John. "And how about my father?"

"How is he to know? He doesn't wind it up for you at night, does he?" inquired Alan, at which John guffawed. "No, seriously; I am in a fix," continued the tempter. "I have lost some money to a man here. I'll give it to you to-night, and you can get the heirloom out again on Monday. Come; it's a small service after all. I would do a good deal more for you."

Whereupon John went forth, and pawned his gold watch under the assumed name of John Frogs, 85 Pleasant. But the nervousness that assailed him at the door of that inglorious haunt—a pawnshop—and the effort necessary to invent the pseudonym (which, somehow seemed to him a necessary part of the procedure), had taken more time than he imagined; and when he returned to the billiard room with the spoils, the bank had already closed its doors.

This was a shrewd knock. "A piece of business had been neglected," he heard these words in his father's trenchant voice, and trembled, and then dodged the thought. After all, who was to know? He must carry £400 about with him till Monday, when the neglect could be surreptitiously repaired; and meanwhile, he was free to pass the afternoon on the enclosing divan of the billiard room, smoking his pipe, sipping a pint of ale, and enjoying to the masthead the modest pleasures of admiration.

None can admire like a young man. Of all youth's passions and pleasures, this is the most common and least alloyed; and every flash of Alan's black eyes; every aspect of his curly head; every graceful reach, every easy, stand-off attitude of waiting; ay, and down to his shirt sleeves and wrist links, were seen by John through a luxurious glory. He valued himself by the possession of that royal friend, hugged himself upon the thought, and swam in warm azure; his own defects, like vanished difficulties, becoming things on which to plume himself. Only when he thought of Miss Mackenzie there fell upon his mind a shadow of regret; that young lady was worthy of better things than plain John Nicholson, still known among schoolmates by the derisive name of "Fatty"; and he felt, if he could chalk a cue, or stand at ease, with such a careless grace as Alan, he could approach the object of his sentiments with a less crushing sense of inferiority.

Before they parted, Alan made a proposal that was startling in the extreme. He would be at Colette's that night about twelve, he said. Why should not John come there and get the money? To go to Colette's was to see life, indeed; it was wrong; it was against the laws; it partook, in a very dingy manner, of adventure. Were it known, it was the sort of exploit that disconsidered a young man for good with the more serious classes, but gave him a standing with the riotous. And yet Colette's was not a hell; it could not come, without vaulting hyperbole, under the rubric of a gilded saloon; and if it was a sin to go there, the sin was merely local and municipal. Colette (whose name I do not know how to spell, for I was never in epistolary communication with that hosiery outlaw) was simply an unlicensed publican, who gave suppers after eleven at night, the Edinburgh hour of closing. If you belonged to a club, you could get a much better supper at the same hour, and lose not a jot in public esteem. But if you lacked that qualification and were an hungry, or inclined toward conviviality at unlawful hours, Colette's was your only port. You were very ill-supplied. The company was not recruited from the senate or the church, though the bar was very well represented on the only occasion on which I flew in the face of my country's laws, and taking my reputation in my hand, penetrated into that grim supper-house. And Colette's frequenters, thrillingly conscious of wrong-doing and "that two-handed engine (the policeman) at the door," were perhaps inclined to somewhat feverish excess. But the place was in no sense a very bad one; and it is somewhat strange to me, at this distance of time, how it had acquired its dangerous reputation.

In precisely the same spirit as a man may debate a project to ascend the Matterhorn or to cross Africa, John considered Alan's proposal, and, greatly daring, accepted it. As he walked home, the thoughts of this excursion out of the safe spaces of life into the wild and arduous, stirred and struggled in his imagination with the image of Miss Mackenzie—incongruous and yet kindred thoughts, for did not each imply unusual tightening of the pegs of resolution? did not each woo him forth and warn him back again into himself?

Between these two considerations, at least, he was more than usually moved; and when he got to Randolph Crescent, he quite forgot the four hundred pounds in the inner pocket of his great coat, hung up the coat, with its rich freight, upon his particular pin of the hat stand; and in the very action sealed his doom.

CHAPTER II.

In Which John Reaps the Whirlwind.

About half past ten it was John's brave good fortune to offer his arm to Miss Mackenzie, and escort her home. The night was chill and starry; all the way eastward the trees of the different gardens rustled and looked black. Up the stone gully of Leith Walk, when they came to cross it, the breeze made a rush and set the flames of the street lamps quivering; and when at last they had mounted to the Royal Terrace, where Captain Mackenzie lived, a great salt freshness came in their faces from the sea. These phases of the walk remained written on John's memory, each emphasized by the touch of that light

hand on his arm; and behind all these aspects of the nocturnal city he saw, in his mind's eye, a picture of the lighted drawing-room at home where he had sat talking with Flora and his father, from the other end, had looked on with a kind and ironical smile. John had read the significance of that smile, which might have escaped a stranger. Mr. Nicholson had remarked his son's entanglement with satisfaction, tinged by humor; and his smile, if it still was a thought contemptuous, had implied consent.

At the captain's door the girl held out her hand, with a certain emphasis, and John took it and kept it a little longer and said, "Good-night, Flora, dear," and was instantly thrown into much fear by his presumption. She only laughed, ran up the steps, and rang the bell; and while she was waiting for the door to open, kept close in the porch, and talked to him from that point as out of a fortification. She had a knitted shawl over her head; her blue Highland eyes took the light from the neighboring street lamp and sparkled, and when the door opened and closed upon her John felt cruelly alone.

He proceeded slowly back along the terrace in a tender glow, and when he came to Greenside church he halted in a doubtful mind. Over the crown of the Calton hill, to his left, lay the way to Colette's, where Alan would soon be looking for his arrival and where he would now have no more consented to go than he would have wilfully wallowed in a bog, the touch of the girl's hand on his sleeve, and the kindly light in his father's eyes, both loudly forbidding. But right before him was the way home, which pointed only to bed, a place of little ease for one whose fancy was strung to the lyrical pitch, and whose not very ardent heart was just then tumultuously moved. The hilltop, the cool air of the night, the company of the great monuments, the sight of the city under his feet, with its hills and valleys and crossing files of lamps, drew him by all he had of the poetic, and he turned that way; and by that quite innocent deflection ripened the crop of his venal errors for the sickle of destiny.

On a seat on the hill above Greenside he sat for perhaps half an hour, looking down upon the lamps of Edinburgh, and up at the lamps of heaven. Wonderful were the resolves he formed; beautiful and kindly were the vistas of future life that sped before him. He uttered to himself the name of Flora in so many touching and dramatic keys that he became at length fairly melted with tenderness, and could have sung aloud. At that juncture a certain creaking in his great-coat caught his ear. He put his hand into his pocket, pulled forth the envelope that held the money, and sat stupefied. The Calton Hill, about this period, had an ill name of nights; and to be sitting there with four hundred pounds that did not belong to him was hardly wise. He looked up. There was a man in a very bad hat a little on one side of him, apparently looking at the scenery; from a little on the other a second night-walker was drawing very quietly near. Up jumped John. The envelope fell from his hands. He stooped to get it, and at the same moment both men ran in and closed with him.

A little after he got to his feet very sore and shaken, the poorer by a purse which contained exactly one penny postage stamp, by a cambric handkerchief, and by the all-important envelope.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Child and the Pigeon.

The father of a little child who died at Macon, Ga., tells of the strange action of three pet pigeons that belonged to the deceased. Up to the time of the child's death the pigeons had never been known to enter the house, but on the day of her death and after the body had been placed in the coffin, two of the pigeons came into the room where the corpse was and looked at the child's face through the glass in the cover. The pigeons were frightened away by several members of the family, and they perched upon the sill, where they remained for the rest of the day. In the afternoon the other pigeons entered the house and acted in the same manner as the first two. The pigeons would not leave the room until the corpse was removed for burial.

The Judgment Seat.

A high seat, called "Kursi," is to be found in the courtyard of all well-to-do houses in Cairo and other large towns of the East. It is occupied by the master of the house when deciding domestic affairs. Such seats are never wanting in the courtyard of the houses of the sheikhs, heads of tribes, or of persons in authority. The seat is placed in a shady part of the court, and judgment is delivered from it on all matters which are brought for decision by the inhabitants of the district, or by members of the tribe over which the master of the house presides.

Sympathy.

On the way home from the services at the church little Milly was very grave, so grave that her father finally asked her what was the matter.

"Oh," she said, "I'm so sorry Mr. Wilson is not going to heaven."

"Why, Mildred, what do you mean?"

"Well, she replied, the minister said he was going to be taken to Brooklyn."

American Hardware.

In 1860 our product of hardware was valued at \$100,000; in 1888 at \$970,000,000. The annual addition to the output was \$6,000,000 a year between 1840 and 1860, and \$25,000,000 a year between 1860 and 1888.

MITES OF MIRTH.

"I think," murmured the handcuffed convict, "that I must be a poor financier, for I have more bonds on hand than I can manage."

He—It's too bad our little summer romance couldn't go on forever, isn't it? She—Yes, Jack. But then I've got to get married some time, you know.

"It is a great pity to let it go to waste," said the telephone girl. "What?" "The language that goes over this wire. You could run an electric light with it."

SEASONABLE LEVITY.

"Did Mrs. Justrich wear many diamonds at the ball?" "Half a gallon."

She—Then you'll take me for a drive on Thursday? He—Yes; but suppose it rains? She—Come the day before, then.

Mary—That's a nice dog you've got, Jack—Yes, but he's consumptive. Mary—Consumptive! Why, how's that? Jack—Spits blood.

Young Husband—Um! What are these, my dear? Wife—Those are apple dumplings. Husband—Er—my love, didn't you—er—dump them a little too often?

Mary—F-a-r-m-e-n-t, ferment—to work. Mamma—Now place it in a sentence to show me you really understand it. Mary—In summer I love to ferment in the garden.

It is discouraging to a newly married man to hear his conscience praising his blushing little wife's first cake, and then have her tell him that she got it at the baker's when she went down town.

Mamma, reprovingly, Sunday—You told me you were going to play church. Little Dick—Yes'm. "Then I'd like to know what all this loud laughing is about." "Oh, that's Dot and me. We're the choir."

Artist—How many ancestral portraits do you wish me to paint for your new castle? Banker—Well, I'll give you an order for eight portraits now, and if I am satisfied with them I'll hunt up some more ancestors.

Dogs have long memories. Simon Slade of Bethlehem, Pa., cut off a pup's tail two years ago, and since then the dog attacks him whenever it sees him, although gentle as a dove to other people.

The French invasion of Dahomey has cost about \$3,000,000 thus far, and the government thinks it has got more for its money than the British government got for the more than \$40,000,000 which it spent fighting the Ashantees.

The popular idea that water is purified by freezing has been again disproved by recent careful experiments, which show that the average amount of impurity retained by the ice is 34.3 per cent of organic matter and 21.2 per cent of inorganic matter. As organic matter is the more objectionable of the two, the case is worse than was formerly supposed.

"Deey is a mighty good temperance sermon in a freight train," says Uncle Mose. "No matter how much de cars dey gits loaded de engine w'at does de work gits along strictly on water."

"So," exclaimed the father to the young man who had run off with his daughter and married her, "so you and that girl eloped together, did you?" "Well, yes," responded the young fellow in a businesslike tone; "you didn't think we had eloped apart, did you?"

Her Father, interestedly—And you really enjoy your society for the higher culture of women? Minnie, enthusiastically—Indeed I do, immensely. Her Father—What was the subject yesterday, for instance, Minnie, reflectively—Oh, yesterday? Let me see. I think the question for debate was something about some subject that some professor has been lecturing on somewhere, but up in our corner we talked about those new hats with the funny crowns.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Rum is made from the refuse of sugar. The best comes from the West Indies.

The monkeys at the zoological garden in Schonbrunn, near Vienna, have all died of consumption.

Only eight of the 69,000 Frenchmen who fought with Napoleon at Waterloo are now alive in France.

The forests of Germany pay an annual government revenue of nearly \$25,000,000 and a net revenue of \$15,000,000.

A small B is said to be discernible on the Columbian half-dollar by the aid of a magnifying glass near the side of the letter b in the word "Columbia."

There was one lover once who told the truth. Reference is made to Adam. When he told Eve "You are the first woman I ever loved" he was not dissembling.

In England, France, Germany and Belgium the number of births per thousand of population is steadily falling. The rate of decrease is slower in some of these countries, but is marked in all.

Can't be beaten! Mr. J. G. Wittig, Blue Mound, Ill., writes: "I have used Salvation Oil with wonderful success for inflammatory rheumatism in my foot. It cannot be beat."

The sun always shines after a good breakfast.

Every one gives it the highest praise. H. Gravel, Druggist, Walnut and Allison Sts., Cincinnati, O., says this of his trade: "I sell my share of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and my customers that have used this preparation speak of it in the highest terms."

Help somebody else if you would help yourself.

California Homes.

To any party or parties intending to move to California: Should correspond at once with the undersigned, sole agents for the Piyto Colony Lands. P. FRY & SON, Piyto, Monterey County, California.

Every man believes he carries the heavy end of the log.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years, was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc.

What man can do and has done woman wants to do.

Still Bright and Booming.

Many bright and useful publications come round to us annually and the sight of them is as refreshing, and as welcome as the faces of friends on New Year's Day. One such publication, always foremost in before us, brimful of sound advice and the richest bits of fun, original and copyrighted, from the pens of such noted humorists as Bill Nye, O. P. Read, Danbury News-Man and others. It is a free gift of the season at the Frazzetta's counter, and will be sought for as the highly popular St. Jacob's Oil Family Almanac and Book of Health and Humor. 1893. One special feature is the "Offer of One Hundred Dollars," open to all contestants, the details of which a perusal of the book will more fully reveal. The almanac is sent forth by The Charles A. Voreler Company, Baltimore, Md., proprietors of some of the best known and most reliable medicinal preparations. A copy will be mailed to any address on receipt of a 2-cent stamp by the above firm.

Flattery, when delicately administered, cannot fail to be acceptable.

The Pinta sailed from Paines 400 years ago. Now the Pinta and the Paines run between Detroit and Chicago on the Michigan Central. They are new sixteen section Wagner Sleeping cars of superior construction and finish and with unusually spacious and comfortable smoking and toilet rooms at each end. Leave Detroit at 7:45 p.m. except Sunday from station foot of the Michigan Central. City passenger and ticket office 66 Woodward avenue corner Jefferson avenue.

A man is called a confirmed liar when nothing that he says is confirmed.

Old Lady—Don't you ever feel sick going up and down in this elevator all day? Elevator Boy—Yes. "Is it the motion of going down?" "No'm." "The motion of going up?" "No'm." "The stop, ing?" "No'm." "What is it then?" "The questions."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER imparts that peculiar lightness, sweetness, and flavor noticed in the finest food, and which expert pastry cooks declare is not obtainable by the use of any other raising agent.



Royal Baking Powder is shown a pure cream-of-tartar powder, the highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder is superior in purity, strength, and wholesomeness to any other powder which I have examined.—New York State Analyst.

MERCURIAL.

Mr. J. C. Jones, of Fulton, Arkansas, says: "About ten years ago I contracted a severe case of blood poisoning. Leading physicians prescribed medicine after medicine, which I took without any relief. I also tried mercurial and potash remedies, with unsuccessful results, but which brought on an attack of mercurial rheumatism that made my life one of agony. After suffering four years I gave up all remedies and began using S. S. S. After taking several bottles I was entirely cured and able to resume work. It is the greatest medicine for blood poisoning today on the market."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY.

If any one doubts that we cure blood poisoning in 20 to 30 days, let him write, for particulars and investigate our reliable title. Our financial backing is \$500,000. When necessary, we guarantee a cure—and our Mercurial Syphilis is the only thing that will cure permanently. Positive proof sent mailed, from: COOK BROTHERS CO., Chicago, Ill.

ALASKA STOVE LIFTERS. POKERS & KNOBS.

ALWAYS GOLD. NICKEL PLATED AND BRASS. For sale by all Stoves and Hardware Dealers. Made only by: ROY NICKEL WORKS, THY, N. Y.